

# Leader-haughs and Yarow. (13)

To its own proper Tune.

**W**Hen *Phæbus* bright the Azure Skies  
with golden rayes enlighteneth,  
These things sublunar he espies,  
herbs, trees, and plants he quick'neth :  
Among all those he makes his choise,  
and gladlie goes he thorow,  
With radiant beams, and silver streams,  
through *Leader-Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

When *Aries* the day and night  
in equal length divideth,  
Old frosty *Saturn* takes the flight  
no longer he abideth :

Then *Flora* Queen, with Mantle green,  
casts off her deadly sorrow,  
And vows to dwell with *Ceres* fell  
in *Leader-Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

*Pan* playing with his *Oaten* reed,  
with shepherds him attending,  
Doth here resort their flocks to feed,  
the hills and haughs commending ;  
With bottle, bag, and staff with knag,  
and all singing good morrow ;  
They swear no fields more pleasure yields  
than *Leader-haughs* and *Yarrow*.

One house there stands on *Leader* side,  
surmounting my descrying,  
With ease-rooms rare, and windows fair,  
like *Dzaalus* contriving :  
Men passing by, do often say,  
in south it hath no marrow ;  
It stands as fair on *Leader* side,  
as *New-Mark* does on *Yarrow*.

A mile below, who list to ride,  
they'll hear the *Mavis* singing ;  
Into *St. Leonards* Bank she'll bide,  
sweet *Birks* her head o're-hinging :  
The *Linwhite* loud, and *Progne* proud,  
with tender throats and narrow,  
Into *St. Leonards* Banks do sing  
as sweetlie as in *Yarrow*.

The *Lapping* liketh o're the *Lee*,  
with nimble wings she sporteth ;  
But vows she'll not come near the tree  
where *Philomel* resorteth :

By break of day the *Lark* can say,  
He bid you all good-morrow ;  
I'll vout and yell for I may dwell  
in *Leader-haughs* and *Yarrow*.

*Park*, *Wanton* walls, and *Wooden* Gleugh,  
the East and *Wester* Mainles,  
The Forreft of *Lawder*'s fair enough,  
the *Corn*s are good in *Blainslies* ;  
Where *Oats* are fine, and sold by kind,  
that if we search all thorow  
*Meerns*, *Buchan*, *Marr*, none better are,  
than *Leader-haughs* and *Yarrow*.

In *Burn-Miln* Boge, & *White-slede* shaws,  
the fearful *Hare* she haunteth ;  
*Bridge-haugh* & *Broad-wood* sheil she knaws  
to the *Chapel-wood* frequenteth :  
Yet when she irks, to *Katastie* *Birks*  
she runs and sighs for sorrow,

That she should leave sweet *Leader haughs*  
and cannot win to *Yarrow*.

What sweeter musick would you hear,  
than Hounds and Beigles crying ?  
The *Hare* waits not, but flees for fear,  
their hard pursuits delving.  
But yet her strength it fails at length,  
no beilding can she borrow  
At *Haggs*, *Cleckmae*, nor *Soriesfield*,  
but longs to be at *Yarrow*.

For *Rock wood*, *Rink-wood*, *Rival*, *Aimer*,  
still thinking for to view her,  
But O to fail her strength begins,  
no cunning can rescue her :  
O're dubb and dyke, o're seugh and syke,  
she'll run the fields all thorow ;  
Yet ends her days in *Leader-haughs*,  
and bids farwell to *Yarrow*.

Thou *Erslingtoun* and *Colding-knowes*,  
where *Humes* had once commanding  
And *Dry Grange* with thy milk white Bws  
'twixt *Deed* and *Leader* standings  
The birds that flies through *Red-park* trees  
and *Gledswood* Banke all thorow,  
May chant and sing, sweet *Leader-haughs*,  
and the bonny Banks of *Yarrow*.

But *Burn* cannot his grief assuage,  
while as his days endureth,  
To see the changes of his age,  
which day and time procureth.  
For many a place stands in hard case,  
where *Burns* was blyth beforrow,  
With *Humes* that dwelt on *Leader* side,  
and *Scots* that dwelt in *Yarrow*.

The words of *Burn the Violet* :

**W**hat ? shall my *Viol* silent be,  
or leave her wonted scriding ?  
But choise some sadder *Elegie*,  
no sports and mirds deriding :  
It must be fain with lower strain,  
than it was wont beforrow,  
To sound the praise of *Leader-haughs*,  
and the bonny Banks of *Yarrow*.  
But *Floods* have overflown the Banks,  
the greenish *Haughs* disgracing,  
And *Trees* in *Woods* grows thin in ranks  
about the fields defacing.  
For *Waters* waxes, *Woods* doth waind,  
more, if could for sorrow,  
In rural Verse, I could rehearse,  
of *Leader-haughs* and *Yarrow*.  
But sighs and sobs o'rsers my breath,  
fore saltish tears forth sending.  
All things *Sublunar* here on earth  
are subject to an ending ;  
So must my Song, though somewhat long,  
yet late at even and morrow,  
I'll sigh and sing, sweet *Leader-haughs*,  
and the bonny Banks of *Yarrow*.

*Hic terminus hæret.*

F I N I S.